THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE MASK.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded.)

HOW long he remained in this condition cannot be stated with accuracy. To the care of the Prince he was, probably, indebted for his recovery, before it was too late.—He had kept an attentive eye upon his favourite. His long *tete a tete* with a mask that nobody knew; the warmth of their conversation, or rather the warmth with which the Count engrossed almost the whole of it to himself; the lively interest he took in this person which caused him to forget all that was passing around him, excited no small degree of astonishment in the Duke. His surprise was increased to the highest pitch, when he, at length, saw them both walk straight away from the hall. Gladly would his serene highness have ascribed it to a cause which is said not unfrequently to occur at masquerades; for then he would have heartily rejoiced at the cure of griefso profound. Such a change he, however, thought too sudden; the air of the conversation appeared too grave, and so open a departure from the company too incautious. That the Count had retired for the night without paying his respects to the Prince, was not to be supposed.

As Count T—— had now been absent for some time, and did not return, the Prince began to be seriously alarmed; he made more particular enquiries, and was informed that they had gone into a certain apartment, and shut the door. He went thither; and after calling to no purpose, opened the door, and beheld the Count extended in the middle of the apartment, with all the appearances of death. Surgeons and attendants were instantly summoned to his aid. All their efforts to restore animation were long ineffectual. At length, when the Count came to himself, and seemed somewhat recovered, the Prince urgently intreated him to disclose the cause of the accident. The Count gave a faithful narrative of the whole affair. The Duke was in the utmost astonishment, and would have suspected that the Count was delirious, had not his pulse, and the testimony of the medical attendants, refuted such an idea. Nay, the Prince himself had, with his own eyes, beheld at least some part of

this extraordinary occurrence. The strictest enquiry was now made for the mask. Nobody had seen her go away, or even come out of the room; and yet she was no where to be found. All the hackney-coachmen that were drawn up before the palace, all the gentlemen's servants were interrogated, none of them had driven or attended her. At last, when they were all tired of enquiring, two chairmen came forward. They had, they said, been called about an hour before to take up a female domino, who came out of a back door of the palace. Being asked where they had set her down, they at first hesitated to tell; but when further urged, they replied: "At the church-yard." They added, that the mask had directed them to stop there; that when she was set down, she put an old ducat, covered all over with mould, into one of their hands, that she then went to the church yard-gate, which she opened with a single touch, and quickly shut it again after her. What afterwards became of her, they knew not. As far as their terror and astonishment would permit them to observe, she had sunk into the tomb on the right hand, as she there vanished from their sight.

In the very spot described by the chairmen, was the family vault of the Count. There his deceased consort was interred. The door of the vault was next morning found open. No farther traces could be discovered; and in spite of repeated inquiries, nothing more was ever heard or seen of this mask.

It is easy to conceive that this event, when it became known—and it could not but be known the next morning to every child in B—produced an uncommon sensation; and it is the nature of things, that very different opinions should be formed concerning it. The multitude took it for an actual apparition; another, and not an inconsiderable portion, assuming an air of profound wisdom, came to no decision at all; and a few imagined that something of human artifice must be at the bottom.

Those justly observed that a spirit would not have wanted a couple of chairmen to carry it away. 'If,' said they farther, "the spirits of the departed were actually permitted to appear to the living; if they could, on such occasions, assume the former body, with all its clothing and appurtenances, still this apparition was highly censurable. What was it intended for? A visit of punishment. How had the Count deserved it? Or, was it a friendly visit?—In this case, neither time, place, or manner, could have been worse chosen; and it would prove, that, on the other side of the grave, people behave still more inconsistently than they, alas! so frequently act on this side of it."

The sentiments of this class were certainly the most rational; but unfortunately, the virtuous Count

had too much warmth of feeling, and too little strength of mind, to adopt them. He was thoroughly convinced that his wife's spirit had actually appeared to him, for the purpose of admonishing him never to forget her.—He now withdrew still more rigidly than before, from all diversions, and indulged still more freely in his sorrow and his love of solitude. No persuasions, no remonstrances had any effect. His health, already impaired, received a severe shock from the fright, and still greater injury from this mode of life. It continued on the decline. Before a year elapsed, symptoms of a confirmed consumption appeared; and towards the conclusion of the second, he expired. On this event the apparition was again, for a time, the subject of conversation; after which, it was again forgotten, at least for a considerable interval.

About twenty-five years afterwards, an elderly lady of honour, the Baroness U——, was gathered to her right noble and illustrious ancestors. She made, as it is called, a very edifying exit; and, by her will, bequeathed a legacy of fifty dollars to the church and schools.—Soon after her interment a story, to which she had herself given occasion, by a confession made on her death-bed, began to be whispered in the higher circles. The substance of it was as follows:

"Count T—— had been in her youth the first, and, it might be said also, the only object of her affection. Encouraged by herself, he had, for some time, professed himself her admirer, and possessed favour in the fullest measure. On her side she was perfectly serious, but probably he was not the same on his: for, in a few months, he suspended his assiduities, and soon after publicly courted the hand of the lady who became his wife. This conduct was thought extremely natural by the rest of the fashionable world, and Baroness U—— alone deemed it an heinous offence. With a heart deeply wounded at his inconstancy, she at first made some attempts to recal her unfaithful lover; but, as they all proved ineffectual, she had secretly vowed to take the most signal revenge. To effect her purpose with the greater security, she displayed in her exterior so much serenity and composure, that her acquaintance, and even the Count himself, were deceived by it. A new lover was received by her with the utmost cordiality, merely for the purpose of strengthening the delusion, and, at length, she even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the newly-married Countess T——.

"Thus she continued to be intimately acquainted with all his domestic circumstances; she had always watched for an opportunity for revenge, but had never been able to find one that satisfied her. On the death of the young Countess, which certainly was unexpect-

ed, but not unwished, her hopes of regaining his heart revived for a few days. But, as his affliction would scarcely deign to bestow on her a single look, as he had entirely broken off all intercourse with her, as well as with many others, this fresh injustice, his grief, and the masquerade, gave birth to the idea of practising a little deception, in order to increase the acuteness of his pain. Having rather more *embonpoint* than the late Countess, she had compressed herself with a pair of tight-laced stays; and in every other particular had imitated that original as closely as possible. His imagination, the mask itself, and the tone of their conversation, made amends for many deficiencies. As she had appeared at an early hour at the masquerade, in a totally different dress, had purposely spoken to several persons, and even taken off her mask for a few moments close by the Prince and his favourite, it was impossible that the Count, on her appearance in her second dress, should have any suspicion of her. The death's head was a mask under the exterior mask. She had previously taken for granted, that terror would prevent the Count from examining it very closely; but in the worst case, every one of her expressions was susceptible of a two-fold explanation. She had long been acquainted with the apartment, a tapestry-door, and a back stair-case close by it. Imperceptibly to himself, she had easily led the Count impatient for the discovery. Her woman, her only confidante, and who had taken care of her from her infancy, offended by the Count for refusing to procure her son a place about the court, had been her assistant in this business. This woman, with a pick-lock, opened the church-yard-gate, where she ordered the chairmen to set her down; and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the horrors of the place, waited for her there with her first dress. She had returned to the masquerade, before the Count was found. From that moment it was next to an impossibility that she should be suspected; and so little apprehension did she feel on that subject, that she stood close by one of the chairmen, when he was obliged to repeat his wonderful story to the Duke. Her plan of revenge had succeeded to the utmost of her wishes, nay, almost still farther. Her woman, the only depository of her secret, had long been dead; but for her own part, she found it impossible to leave the world without first unburdening her heart by an upright confession."

Such was the account that was given of the occurrence. It is not impossible that rumour, which seldom fails to make additions to such a story, may have altered many little circumstances. It affords, however, a sufficient explanation of every thing that, at first, appeared almost inexplicable; and whoever thinks that the revenge of the Baroness U—— was carri-

ed too far, let him recollect this important truth, that in woman, slighted love thinks no danger too formidable, no revenge too cruel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 232.)

OF BEAUTY.

It does not absolutely consist either in colour, in forms, or in proportions.

"Toi, que l'antiquite fit eclore des ondes,
"Qui descendis du ceil et regnes sur les mondes,
"Toi, qu' apres la bonte l'homme cheril le mieux,
"Toi, qui naquis un jour du sourire des dieux,
"Beaute, je te salue!"—

It is into his Poem on the imagination, that Delille has introduced this tribute to beauty, and assuredly no place was fitter for it. Indeed, if beauty so often exalts our imagination, and causes it to produce *chef d'oeuvres*, it must be admitted that the imagination is in return extremely grateful, and that this enchantress, who repairs even to an ideal world in quest of pleasures for us, never manifests greater generosity than when we are desirous to confer charms on an adored object. The man who is the captive of a powerful passion, discovers every possible perfection in the idol of his heart. But should love fly away, her charms suddenly lose a portion of their brilliancy; she is still the same person, but how she is altered! The prism of the imagination is broken, and the ray of beauty which once shone with such lively colours, being no longer refracted by this magick chrystal, now presents to the disenchanted eye nothing but a lurid and monotonous light.

The analysis of beauty cannot be subjected to cold calculation. In vain Hogarth attempted to fix its fugitive forms; his undulating and serpentine lines teach us not what is beauty.

How many of our handsome women would be at a loss what answer to give to this question. What is beauty? Striving all their lives to appear beautiful, exalting the charms of beauty above every other prerogative, employing every possible expedient to shew their charms to advantage, at the same time that they have the malicious address to expose, as if unintentionally, the defects of their rivals; you may probably suppose that they know what beauty is. Only ask them the question and you will soon see.

And those youthful lovers, if any such still exist, burning with a pure and lively flame, breathing only for the beauty that enchants them, describing in their impas-

sioned letters, or in their inspired verses, the charms of the fair, how astonished would they be if they had to reply to this single question —What is beauty?

And those artists, who talk of nothing but *la belle nature*, who lose themselves in fantastic reveries on imaginary beauty, without reflecting that their art is still far below the standard of visible beauty, what would they answer were I to ask them this question—What is beauty?

Some person asked Aristotle what is beauty? The question of a blind man, answered he.

Aristotle's answer was not much to the purpose. It is sufficient, it is true, to have eyes in order to be sensible of beauty, to perceive it where it exists; but does this enable a person to say in what it consists?—by no means. For this something more is necessary than the mere material organ of vision; this requires the whole penetration of the understanding, a distinct perception of relations; and it may be said, that if the question put to Aristotle was that of a blind man, his answer was that of a deaf one.

Poets, artists, philosophers, people of every description, who are not blind, have frequently asked themselves this question, and have frequently endeavoured to give a correct delineation of beauty; but it is an understanding in which almost all of them have failed. And wherefore?

Every one knows the history of the celebrated tooth which so long engaged the attention of all the literati of Germany. It was announced that a child had come into the world with a gold tooth; the whole empire was instantly in commotion; philosophers, physiologists, physicians, naturalists, anatomists, all racked their learned brains to discover in what manner it was possible for a child to come into the world with a gold tooth. Numerous works appeared on this rich subject. It may easily be conceived to how many extraordinary systems, strange ideas, and ridiculous hypotheses this singular discussion gave birth; in short, our literati demonstrated (for, thank God, every thing is capable of demonstration) that it was very possible to come into the world with a gold tooth. But if these sages were unanimous as to the result, they by no means agreed concerning the means which could have enriched the human jaw with such a precious implement. Each of them ascribed it to a different process, which proves how extensive are the resources of science. All these discussions were finished, when some one took it into his head to examine whether the tooth actually was a gold tooth; and this attentive observer, who, probably had not written any memoir on the subject, discovered that this famous tooth was nothing but a very ordinary tooth, which an imposter had nicely covered with gold leaf, that he might make money by exhibiting it as a prodigy.

May it not be with beauty as with the gold tooth? and after so much has been said and written on beauty, may it not be necessary to examine whether there actually exists any such thing as beauty.

Methinks I hear the fair exclaim, what blasphemy!—what! deny the existence of beauty!

Have a moment's patience, ladies; let us first come to an understanding about words, that we may afterwards have no dispute concerning things. I request your attention for a few minutes; this little dissertation you may depend upon it, will end to your advantage, and when you have read the first chapter of my work, your charms will appear doubly valuable in your eyes.

I ask if there be any positive physical beauty, if what is called beauty depends on forms that can be described, on proportions that can be laid down, on colours that can be classed; we shall presently see that none of all these can constitute beauty.

[*To be continued.*]

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE present hours are so transient in their duration, that before we can employ them to our advantage, they are snatched from us; and so unsatisfying in enjoyment when we do possess them, that we are obliged to have recourse to the past, or anticipate the future, if we would wish to taste the sweets of intellectual pleasure. The former of these sources of happiness, is the faculty of the human mind, by the help of which the transactions of our past life are made to pass in review before our imagination, and excite the most agreeable and extatic sensations. To thee, oh memory! are we indebted for the choicest and most elevated felicity, thy enchanting power diffuses serenity over our most gloomy moments, and creates a sunshine in our breast, which irradiates our darkest hours, and dissipates our deepest melancholy. The anticipation of the future is the other resource, to which we may betake ourselves for that pure delight, which we cannot obtain from the present. When our past life presents us with nothing from which to derive happiness, when it holds forth to our view the most uninviting appearances of juvenile indiscretions and unwarrantable actions, we fly from this disgusting picture into futurity, and bedeck its prospects with the most fascinating colours. To this propensity of revelling in the boundless pleasures of the future, in the season of youth, we are most inclined. Our past life is then so short and devoid of experience, that we do not look back upon its events; and our imagination is so warm, and our desire of happiness so eager, that we cannot appease it by any present enjoyments, and have no other ex-

pedient than to anticipate the future, and bask in the rays of hope, which is the principal assistant in this employment. But when we arrive at the period, when we cannot expect to tread much longer the path of life, and our heads are "silvered o'er with age," then are we chiefly indebted to memory's soothing influence in reviewing our past scenes, the youthful days that have passed, and the variegated events which transpired in the meridian of our days. When after a long absence, we revisit some ancient spot, where, when in our spring of life, the happy moments glided away on golden pinions, what pleasing ideas, what joyful sensations, and what blissful emotions agitate our bosoms, which have not for ages been warmed with such inward joy. Every object we look upon recals to our mind happiness that has passed, and friendships that have been cherished. Here stands the mansion, falling in ruins, where first we breathed the breath of life; in which our helpless years, and inexperienced youth were guided by the dictates of a tender mother, and our manly desires were called forth by the rougher mandates of a father. Hard by stands the school whither, "when the heart danced, and life was in its spring," we were unwillingly sent to open the buds of reason, and to have fresh instruction poured upon the youthful mind. This scene, by the indulgence of joyous memory, brings to our recollection all the sports and recreations of our boyish days. The hill we climbed, the streams in which we laved, the orchards which we despoiled of their fruits, the towering trees we scaled, the many days we played the truant; and if perchance we offered our hand opened wide to some poor beggar, who, blind and impotent, was wandering in the road of poverty, this noble action especially with the rest, rushes irresistbly on the mind, and wakes a train of joyful and sweetly-pensive ideas.

And when all the sports of the busy day were over, and the rich splendour of the sun gave way to the milder rays of pale Cynthia, then in our little circle of friends, on the dark green grass we would sit and let the merry tale, the jocose jest, and the loud laugh go round, and some fairy tale, or romantic story of superstition would be the signal of separation, and close our evening amusements. These, oh! indulgent memory! these are the joys which thy magic influence paints so clearly to the imagination, that they seem reality itself. Had not kind heaven given thee, as a companion, to encourage us in our travels through this lonely desert of life, we would be like the poor mariner, who has so often to stem the adverse current, and as frequently to be overborne by its rapidity. But with thee we sail smoothly and undisturbed down the stream of time, and at last safely enter into the vast ocean of eternity. But memory does not extend

her dominion only to external objects but also to the internal operations of the soul, when she brings back the pleasing moments we experienced in poring over some interesting history, and more relaxing and delightful story. Why, we exclaim, did the illustrious heroes of antiquity expose their lives, their property, and all temporary advantages, in the glorious cause of liberty and their country! And why did some, when elevated to the highest pinnacle of human grandeur, surrounded with all the pomp and luxury of a throne, resign their imperial honours, and retire from the changing scenes of public life, into a rural habitation, and employ themselves not in the arts of destructive war, but in the peaceful labours of the plough! Why does the love-sick swain so often visit the tomb which contains her on whom his soul doated. At morning, noon, and evening, you will find him there, suffusing, with his tears, the grass which shades her grave, calling to mind her beautiful form, and her dignified soul; and by the all-powerful magic of memory, he enjoys almost as rapturous delight as he did when he really conversed with her, when animated by the glow of health, and her cheek envied the colour of the rose. But memory's soothing pleasure is most felt when death's cold, icy arms surround us and fix us on the bed, from which we are never to rise. Then the recollection of a well-spent life will make our exit pleasant and glorious, will soothe the bitter agonies of death, and will represent to us a future world, fraught with the most inviting prospects. In this last trying moment, when imagination's meteors cease to play, and the declining sun of hope is just setting, what can ease our anguish, or support the horrors of a separation from our dearest friends, but the scenes and actions of a past life, spent in the exercise of virtue, in the cause of justice, in the promotion of useful designs, and diffusing happiness and prosperity among our fellow-creatures. These noble deeds will pass in review before our eyes, and make such an impression upon us, that we will hail and welcome the messenger death, who will transport us to far more congenial climes, where "virtue triumphs, and her sons are blessed."

PEITHO-LOGIAN.

New-York, Feb. 15—1808.

ANATOMICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE *HEART OF A COQUETTE.*

The subject of this exquisite piece of pleasantry is borrowed from the Spectator, but it has been greatly embellished by the Italian poet, Pignotti, from whose performance this article is translated. It is to be regretted that this pleasing writer did not employ his talents on another piece in the same work relative to the examination of the brain of a *petit maitre*, which,

in his hands, would probably have been still more interesting than that which is here presented to the reader.

O, charming sex! O, lovely women! if in my verses I have sometimes ventured to excite the mirth of my readers at your gallant customs, I know, however, that so far from reproaching me, you have joined in the laugh, because I never armed myself with the lash of satire to censure your morals, or to wound your delicacy. Continue, I beseech you, to do justice to my sentiments, and believe that to please you will ever be my most ardent wish.

But if almost all females are gentle, lovely, and modest, still there are some, as you must yourselves admit, who are indiscreet, and intolerant. To these the most innocent pleasantries are harsh and grating truths; and they have positively declared that, let me assume whatever tone and say whatever I will, I shall never be able to please them. Ought this severe decision to discourage me? No; I will resemble the countryman, who, heedless of the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers around him, quietly pursues and finishes his work.

To satisfy, however, if it be possible, those who think that there is too much folly in my productions, I will now treat of things both grave and important. I perceive your extreme astonishment.—You hesitate to believe me.—Ladies, deign to honour me with your attention, I am going to speak of—anatomy!

Ye tender and delicate beauties, be not alarmed at my audacious undertaking. I will not distress your eyes with the disgusting spectacle of an amphitheatre; I will not wound your ears with those hard technical words, which it was useless labour to go so far to seek, for the purpose of rendering them so difficult to the tongue, and so disagreeable to the ear.

A physician, an old friend of mine, took me the other day into a spacious hall, where a skilful professor of anatomy was going publicly to dissect the heart of a young and beautiful woman.

During the whole course of her life, she had manifested the most extraordinary caprices in her ideas, and in her actions, loving to-day what she hated yesterday, and in a few hours renouncing this new inclination, and adopting another. She was continually in such an agitation of sentiments, that she reminded you of the spectacle of the sea, which, sometimes calm, at others lightly ruffled by the zephyrs and often perturbed by boisterous winds, is incessantly presenting a new aspect to the view.

The concourse of the curious was already considerable, when the professor, in a long black venerable robe, his head covered with an

ample peruque, his nose adorned with a large pair of spectacles, with an austere look and deliberate motion, took up his chirurgical instruments, and began his interesting dissection.

He first sought with attentive eye, whether any nervous fibres branched off from the heart, for the purpose of keeping up an easy and habitual communication with the tongue, and whether, as the frequent oaths of the young lady had induced a belief, there had been any correspondence between these two organs. But his search was in vain, and the anatomist was obliged to declare positively, that there had never existed any correspondence between the heart and tongue of the deceased.

I must not omit to tell you, that scarcely had the knife laid open the first channels of the heart, than a thousand fibres appeared, all twisted together, and entangled. On examining them with care, it was found that some were short and others long; while the former restrained motions, the latter hastened them. All the spectators unanimously agreed that this must have been the real cause of those strange caprices of the heart which had excited in them so much astonishment during the life of our coquette, and which had been so often compared to the effects of a rocket, which, wandering through the air with infinitely varied motions, first rises majestically, then suddenly darts to the right and to the left, rises again, and at length explodes with a crash.

The substance of the heart was soft and light; it contained hundreds of small channels which penetrated the different concentric strata, similar to the bulbs of certain plants. On each of these strata were perceived the images of her numerous lovers, which were so faintly sketched, that a touch of the finger was sufficient to effaoe them. They might have been compared to the spots formed on crystal, or on polished marble, by the humidity of the breath.

What a spectacle! what a singular assemblage did these thousands of different figures exhibit! Prelates, canons, and young lawyers, were confusedly mingled with generals, magistrates, financiers, princes, and common citizens.

After unfolding all the strata of the heart, the professor at length came to its most secret part, its centre. And in what state do you think he found that part, of which none had before been able to form any idea? Entirely empty; but in the vacum might be seen flitting shadows, which succeeded each other with the greatest rapidity. These were diamonds, feathers, carriages, dresses, ribbands, in a word, all those things for which the young lady had sighed during her life. Permit me to compare this amusing spectacle with the grati-

fication which a child is so eager to obtain in the cold winter nights when he hears the ravishing sound of the barrel organ of the puppet-show-man. He beholds towns and countries, and armies and animals of different kinds, the sun, moon, &c. passing in rapid succession before him: all these objects afford him pleasure, for this very reason, that none of them are stationary.

The professor held the heart, the object of his investigation, near a lighted taper, placed before a looking-glass. The veins adhering to it were instantly seen to swell, and the by-standers heard a low murmur resembling that which sometimes escapes from the bosom of a timid female of delicate sensibility. They afterwards perceived distinctly a small light bubble, which being resolved into smoke, was dispersed in the air.

It is essential, ladies, that I should inform you, that this heart floated habitually in a limpid and cold liquid, containing a soft substance. This liquid was carefully collected by the professor in a glass tube.

You must certainly have observed the effects of the atmospheric air on the obedient liquid contained in the thermometer. That in which the heart of our young female had floated, exhibited nearly the same effects; but it was not precisely the air which exercised an influence over it; to agitate it in different ways, it was necessary to vary the objects which were brought near it. If a man possessing good sense, sound judgment, wisdom, or modesty, approached this liquid, it suddenly fell to the bottom of the tube, and seemed to shun him; but on the appearance of a young fop, it rose with velocity towards the orifice of the vessel, which was no longer capable of containing it.

This experiment having been afterwards repeated in an assembly of young people of both sexes, where pleasure presided, the liquid was in such constant and violent agitation, that it had the appearance of boiling water. It was so sensible to impressions of every kind, that the approach of a new ribband, an elegant cap, fashionable ear-rings, or the most trifling gewgaw were sufficient to throw it into incessant agitation.

I wished to obtain possession of this wonderful instrument, and I one day requested my friend, the physician, to purchase it for me, let the price be what it would. He laughed heartily at my simplicity, and assured me that all young women are so many thermometers, or rather *frivolimeters* of that kind.

I cannot persuade myself, besides, that my physician told me the truth; but so much I know, that we meet with many malicious and unjust people, who in every circumstance strive to make your sex responsible for the faults of two or three of you. They have,

for example, the presumption to assert, that all the happiness of your lives consists in imitating the new-blown flowers which suffer themselves to be caressed by every fluttering butterfly that passes that way.

If, however, what I think impossible, actually existed, if it were true that the hearts of women float incessantly in a liquid so extraordinary, what praises ought we not to bestow on those, of whom I could mention a great number, who, rising superior to vulgar sentiments, unite to every charm, for which they are indebted to nature, the practice of every virtue.

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ANECDOTE OF SHAKSPEARE.

The following is given, in a recent periodical publication, as an original anecdote of Shakespeare:

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of our immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, (as was the custom with people of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes while the plays of our bard were performed. One evening Shakespeare performed the part of a king, the audience knew of her Majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage while Shakespeare was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it! When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her: this made her Majesty to think of some means to know whether he would or not depart from the dignity of his character while on the stage.—Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and re-crossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it:

"And tho' now bent on this *high* embassy,
"Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousin's glove!"

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety.

MODESTY.

The character of true virtue is modesty. When reason alone leads to the performance of a good action, we are then tempted to be proud of the effects which it costs. But what sentiment inclines us to do good, instead of admiring ourselves, we say: "I desire no praise, I have only followed my inclination and the impulse of my heart." Have you ever seen a miser in the act of conferring a present? He

does it with a pomp and ostentation, which prove how little he is accustomed to perform such an action, and how vain he is of it. Observe, on the contrary, the noble simplicity with which a generous person knows how to give. Thus common minds are vain of good actions, because they find them painful, and consequently think them highly meritorious; whereas great souls are preserved from this pride by their very elevation, and by the sublime propensity that impels them to every thing that is honest and virtuous. This reflection ought to make men in love with modesty, or at least to induce those who are destitute of that quality, to conceal their pride with care, to forbear boasting of any praiseworthy action they may have performed, since a different conduct tends only to expose the narrowness of their minds, and the little love they bear to virtue.

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DELICACY.

DELICACY imparts to every action an inexpressible charm.

The delicate benefactor combines respect with benevolence, tenderness with heroism, and his heart teaches him in a moment all the regard that is due to the unfortunate. He feels the sacred obligations that are imposed by his own benevolence; he feels that no person is truly generous, who humbles, or gives pain in any way to those whom he assists.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday, the 9th inst. at Rockland, county of Rockland, by the rev. Mr. Lansing, Mr. Abraham Post, to Miss Margaret Graham, of that place.

——.....all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Ivers, in the 84th year of his age.

On monday morning, at Wilmington, Del. John Dickenson, Esq. formerly president of Pennsylvania, and author of the Farmer's Letters.

At Baltimore, on the 10th inst. Mr. Thomas Dobbin, for many years proprietor of the Telegraphe, formerly a respectable commercial paper in that city.

At Kingston, Jam. Jan. 8, Mr. Henry Tew, aged 18, chief officer of the ship Halcyon, of this port, a young man of endearing manners, and an irreparable loss to his friends.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

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POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO MARY.

HAVE you the mountain daisy seen,
Sweet, modest, speckled flower—
And have you view'd the primrose gay
Bedew'd with vernal shower;
Or, have you seen the lily blow,
And all its sweets disclose;
Or, have you seen the queen of flower,
The sweet, the blushing rose?

O, have you seen at setting sun,
The mellow streaked west,
Or have you seen at early dawn
The glories of the east;
Or have you seen my Mary, mild,
More interesting she,
Than morning sun or evening ray,
Or flowers so fair to see.

Mere outward show may catch the eye,
And thrill the feeling heart;
But worth intrinsic only can
Affection true impart.
Let miser's hug their golden ore,
And superstition sigh,
The heavenly light that I adore,
Beams mild in Mary's eye.

J—N O—R.

Newark, Feb. 15—1808.

MOONLIGHT.—THE CAPTIVE.

By Mr. Montgomery.

GENTLE Moon! a captive calls;
Gentle Moon! awake, arise!
Gild the prison's sullen walls;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
Let those smiles that light the pole,
Thro' the liquid æther glide—
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart;
Let thine influence, pure, refin'd,
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chance, Despondency, and Care,
Fiends, that haunt the guilty breast:
Conscious virtue braves despair;
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel the power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night,
Who thy starry flock doth lead,
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue etherial mead;

At this moment dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me—
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast:
"Wipe that generous drop away,
He for whom it falls is—blest!

"Blest with Freedom unconfin'd;
Dungeons cannot hold the soul:
What can chain th' immortal mind!
None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,
In romantic visions airy
Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;
Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion! stay!
Beauteous bubble, do not break!
Ah! the pageant flits away!
Who from such a scene would wake!

FRIENDSHIP'S COT.

WHENEVER Friendship's Cot reviewing,
Whether while primroses are springing;
Or summer his bright course pursuing;
Or autumn the rich chaplet bringing;

Or winter, the wild deluge pouring,
Invested in his tenfold gloom,
Or, his dread hurricane is roaring,
Dear Friendship's Cot preserves its bloom.

What tho' the yellow leaves appearing
Will fall and wither round the spot,
Yet mental summer, ever cheering,
Still irradiates Friendship's Cot.

What tho' the rain, with wind combining,
Sometimes shake the little roof;
The heart, well pleased to these resigning,
Knows Friendship's Cot is tempest proof?

What tho' against your casement hurling,
E'en all the elements together,
Freeze the poor wanderer or worldling,
In Friendship's Cot—'tis sunny weather.

. . . . . .

THE SAILOR.

A Tale.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks the native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! how each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of a stormy main,
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still, he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er
Attends his little bark from pole to pole; (him roar
And, when the beating billows round
Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove, (wide
In many a plantain-forest, waving
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove, [side.
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow

But, lo! at last she comes with crowded sail! (bend!
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale! (friend
In each he hears the welcome of a

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand! (furl'd;
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land, (the world.
And clasps the maid he singled from